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WHAT NOW, DR. CROSBY?

At the weekly meeting of Baptist ministers Dr. HOWARD CROSBY's denial of having declared that a police captain had blackmailed his precinct was the subject of much animated comment.

The reverend Secretary of last week's meeting said that everybody present heard Dr. Crosby make this charge and that it struck him so forcibly that he inserted it in the minutes. Half a dozen other clergymen avow that they heard Dr. Crosby make the charge.

There certainly seems need of something further from Dr. Crosby in the face of such statements. It is rather a serious thing when doubt of a prominent clergyman's veracity is a matter of such moment. Rev. Mr. Crosby's position is a decidedly unenviable one.

CHRISTMAS JOY.

Now is the time to begin the preparations for a Christmas Tree for poor children. The more liberal the contributions the more distributed will be a joyous blessedness on that day. The quick invention of bright minds, stimulated by the leaves of a sweetly human charity, will find many schemes for helping on this praiseworthy fund. The good achieved is not lessened nor is its glory dimmed if the money for it is largely derived from entertainments which delight them who provide them as well as those who enjoy them. There is a peculiar fitness that endeavor in this direction should be blithe, joyously gay and inspiring. It is to give joy, and the givers of joy should be joyous.

Mrs. ERECHNOVA is the editor and publisher of the *Northern Mysery*, one of the lightest and most readable periodicals in Russia. Mrs. Erechnova is now a lady of middle age. She spent several years on the shores of the Adriatic in the study of Slavish history and literature. When she had spent all her property in this manner she started her magazine. She has many clever men among her contributors, including the novelist Korolenko, Dr. George Brandes, in his fascinating "Impressions of Russia," describes the editress as "a Russian slave to duty."

One cause for the frequent desertions from the Army is alleged to be the immunity of the deserts from arrest. They get their bounty, skip airily off with it, and not enough is offered for their capture to make anybody try to bring them back. Why is the blue-coat of Uncle Sam so undervalued?

Does freedom, as it is understood in the United States, demand that a rabid woman shall be permitted to inflame the minds of rabid men with revolutionary venom foreign to our whole National character? The thought arises in view of the re-entrance of Mrs. LUCY PARSONS, Anarchist.

The horse show called forth a most brilliant gathering both in the ring and in the boxes. The lovers of fine horses sent beautiful animals to the show, and the fine flower of society was present to see them. It was a charming antithesis of two most grateful types of beauty.

In his speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet in London last night Lord SALISBURY said he believed the McKinley tariff was due to the idea that American pigs had failed to receive proper treatment at the hands of Europe.

Mr. RINALDO, who ran against Mr. CAMPBELL for Congress, did not give up as much as the "boys" had expected. His whole outlay was \$40,500, which was nothing compared to the advertisement.

While coon-hunting Mayor GRANT fell into a creek, while office-hunting Mr. SCOTT fell into the sun—but what is the use of recalling unpleasantness?

A baseball-player has been sent to jail for stealing. Could stealing bases have had anything to do with creating a taste for stealing other things?

Ex-Senator GORMAN's reason for the recent Democratic sweep is that the country preferred a conservative to a radical policy.

The P. M. L. met last evening and discussed the election. The result of the deliberations will not be made public.

Gov. HILL cannot attend the THURMAN anniversary banquet, and there will be one good speech less.

What may be done in the brief remnant of the Fifty-first Congress is interesting speculation.

The number of candidates for the Speakership is reaching towards three figures.

The Prohibition vote attracted less attention at this election than it has for years. Why?

Mr. ROBERT PINKERTON should be squelched.

Senator INGALLS has not been out since Tuesday.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fancies and Fashions That Delight the Gentler Sex.

What a Child's Wardrobe Should Cost—White Gloves Very Trying—Blue Restored to Favor for Street Costumes.

No child's wardrobe should exceed \$100 a year, and the mother or my sister who knows how to sew can dress a girl of twelve or lesson half that amount.

The white glove fashion is the most trying that the woman of the world has on her hands.

Louis, Marchioness of Waterford, England, has executed the illustration for a book called "Compendium of Hope for invalids," selected by Rev. H. M. Neville, author of "The Invalid's Friend."

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MISS ALICE LONGFELLOW, daughter of the poet, is a amateur photographer, and has made a speciality of storm pictures taken from the Nassau-sunset coast. They will illustrate the new book of sea songs which will soon be issued.

"I'm Going to Do It," Was His Motto of Success.

A POOR NEW HAMPSHIRE Lad Now Called "King of Long Island."

Little man, Uncle Bob has told you the story of one little boy who saved his pennies, and when they had grown to dollars saved the dollars, then saved hundreds, then thousands of dollars, and is still saving, though he is now an old, old man, with \$40,000,000 to save.

Now we will talk about another little boy. A boy who was always thinking of something new, out of which he could earn something. And having thought it all out this boy went at it and made it come true just as he had thought it out.

No matter what happened to discourage him, he kept right on, and somehow by keeping at it with pluck and perseverance he always managed to make it come out just as he wanted it to.

No use to say "you can't do it" to this boy. He would reply, "but I'm going to do it" and sure enough he would succeed.

This boy was born away up in New Hampshire, among the Granite Hills, in the little village of Meridian, Sullivan County.

That was away back in 1827. On July 11 this boy was born. His father was a poor man, and the boy learned to pick up stones in the fields before he learned to go to the village school.

At all the school the boy ever got was in the Winters at the village school, and then, when he was growing to be a man, he taught a country school and boarded around.

He said he could teach school, and he did teach school.

Then he said he could be a lawyer. People thought it nonsense for a young fellow as poor as he to try to be a lawyer, but he saved his wings as a teacher, and after a few years he entered Harvard Law School, and two years afterwards he graduated almost at the head of his class.

That was in 1849. The New Hampshire lad went to the great West and kept on "pushing things." He would set his heart on doing a thing and then do it.

He became a great lawyer at Davenport, Ia. Then in 1863, when Congress made a law allowing National banks to do business with the nation to back them, he said he'd do it.

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